

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto.

Poines. Come shelter, shelter, I have remoued Falstaffs Horse, and he fiers like a gum'd Vcluet.

Prin. Stand close.

Fal. *Poines, Poines, and be hang'd Poines.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascall, what a brawling dost thou keepe.

Fal. What *Poines*. Hal?

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, He goe seek him.

Fal. I am acutst to rob in that Theefe company: that Rascall hath remoued my Horse, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the squire further a foote, I shall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forsworne his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, & yet I am bewicht with the Rogues company. If the Rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, He behang'd; it could not be else: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal, a Plague vpon you both: Bardolph, Peto: He stand ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threescore & ten miles afoote with me: and the stony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another.* *They whistle.*

Whew! a plague light vpon you all, Giue my Horse you Rogues: giue me my Horse, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you say Leauers to life me vp again being downe? He not beare mine owne flesh so far afoote again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'st, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal. Go hang thy selfe in thine owne heire-apparant Garters: If I be tane, He peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyson: when a iest is so forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-bill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my will.

Poin. O'tis our Setter, I know his voyce.

Bardolph. what newes? *Fal.* On with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

Prin. You foure shall front them in the narrow Lane: Ned and I, will walke lower; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not John of Gaunt your Grandfather, but yet no Coward, Hal.

Prin. Wee'll leaue that to the prooffe.

Poin. Sirra lacke, thy horse stands behind the hedge, when thou need'st him, there thou shalt finde him. Pace well, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy man be his dole, say I: eury man to his businesse.

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbors: the boy shall leade our Horses downe the hill: Wee'll walke a-foote a while, and ease our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Iesu blesse vs.

Fal. Strife down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorson Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your store were heere. On Bacon, on, what ye knaues? Yong men must liue, you are Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'll iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and gomerily to London, it would be argument for a weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good iest for euer.

Poines. Stand close, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day; and the Prince and Poines bee not two arand Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no mee valour in that Poines, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poines set upon them.

They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Theeues are scattred, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaff sweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: we're not for laughing, I should pittie him.

Poin. How the Rogue roard.

Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Hotspurre solus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in respect of the loue he beares our house. He shewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to sleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named uncertaine, the Time is selfe vnforted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so: I say vnto you againe, you are a shallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I protest, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and constant: A good Plotie, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall course of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Rascall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vnckle, and my Selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of Torke, and Owen Glendour? Is there not besides, the Dowglas? Haue I not all their letters, to mee in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you shall see now in very sincerity of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my selfe, and go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skind Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?

For what offence haue I this fortnight bin

A banish'd woman from my Harries bed?

Tell me (sweet Lord) what is 't that takes from thee

Thy stomacke, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?

Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?

And start so often when thou sit'st alone?

Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?

And giuen my Treasures and my rights of thee,

To thicke-ey'd musing, and curst melancholly?

In my faint slumbers, I by thee haue watcht,

And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:

Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,

Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talk'd

Of sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,

Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,

Of Basiliskes, of Canon, Culuerin,

Of Prisoners ranfome, and of Souldiers slaine,

And all the current of a headdy fight.

Thy spirit within thee hath bene so at Warre,

And thus hath so bestir'd thee in thy sleepe,

That beds of sweate hath flood vpon thy Brow,

Like bubbles in a late-disturbed Streame;

And in thy face strange motions haue appear'd,

Such as we see when men restraine their breath

On some great fodaine hast, O what portents are these?

Some heauie businesse hath my Lord in hand,

And I must know it: else he loues me not.

Hot. What ho? Is Gilliams with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agoe.

Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses fro the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horse, my Lord.

Hot. What Horse? A Roane?

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane shall buckle him straight. *Esperance*

into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What say'st thou my Lord?

La. What is it carries you?

Hot. Why, my horse (my Lord).

La. Out you mad-headed

such a deale of Spleene, as you

know your businesse Harry,

ther Mortimer doth stirre abo

for you to line his enterprize

Hot. So farre a foot, I sh

La. Come, come, you Pa

vnto this question, that I sh

thy little finger Harry, if thou

Hot. Away away you tri

I care not for thee Kate: this

To play with Mammets, and

We must haue bloodie Nose

And passe them currant too.

What say'st thou Kate? what

La. Do ye not loue me? D

Well, do not then. For sine

I will not loue my selfe. Do

Nay, tell me if thou speak'st

Hot. Come, wilt thou le

And when I am a horsebacke

I loue thee infinitely. But he

I must not haue you hencefor

Whether I go: nor reason w

Whether I must, I must: and

This Euening must I leaue th

I know you wife, but yet no

Then Harry Percies wife. C

But yet a woman: and for se

No Lady closer. For I will b

Thou wilt not viter what th

And so farre wilt I trust thee

La. How so farre?

Hot. Not an inch further.

Whither I go, thither shall

To day will I set forth, ro m

Will this content you Kate?

La. It must of force.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince

Prin. Ned, prethee come

me thy hand to laugh a little

Poines. Where hast bene

Prin. With three or four

or fourescore Hogsheads.

string of humility. Sirra, I a

Drawers, and can call them b

and Francis. They take it al

that though I be but Prince

of Curtesie: telling me flatly

staffe, but a Corinthian, a lad

when I am King of England

Laddes in East-cheape. T

ing Scarlet; and when you